of land on the north end of the basin. They were hard-riding horsemen on white ponies, and as they drew close I could hear the bells on one. They soon pulled up in front of us in a flurry of dust and took the initiative in conversation.

"Where do you go?" "Who is the white man?" "Is he American or British?" "What is he doing here?" As Rahul talked with these Tibetans I surveyed them. They wore tight-fitting coats that came down over their thighs. One wore a nondescript cap, the other a tall-crowned hat with a small, turned-down brim. They both wore dark glasses and carried revolvers on their hips. I shook hands with each of them, giving them the Tibetan salutation, "*Ju Le, Ju Le*"; and the older of the two smiled in return, showing prominent front teeth. Then they were gone, whirling their horses on a dime and racing with the wind toward Baralacha.

"What's their destination?" I asked Rahul. He had not been able to find out. They were on a fast journey to Lahul. The Indian-Tibetan border is mostly unsurveyed. Until August 1951, it had few security outposts. The people of southwest Tibet moved south into India freely and without restraint. Some went on commercial missions, taking caravans to Indian centers. Others moved north to Tibet in the summer and down to India in the fall, grazing sheep as they went. Others went on Buddhist pilgrimages to shrines in India. And many Indians went on pilgrimages to shrines in Tibet. The truth is that the Buddhist holy places in this area have no nationality; long custom and practice have made them common property to all Buddhists. People by the thousands have moved with ease across this border from time immemorial. The men I met at Serchu did not seem to be pilgrims. Perhaps they were traveling on a commercial mission and hurrying in order to return to Tibet before the Tibetan-Indian border was closed.

In early August 1951, that border was still open. The Dalai Lama was still at Yatung on Tibet's southern border, negotiating with the representatives of the Red Chinese government. The

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

• 484 question whether he would return to Lhasa was still undecided.
648 Pending that decision, the Chinese Army was waiting a respectful distance from Lhasa. When the Dalai Lama reached Lhasa on August 17, 1951, the Chinese Red Army moved into action. Communist contingents poured into Lhasa and then fanned out racing across Tibet to posts on its southern frontier. But until that date the border was open.

000 I had seen again and again between Baralacha Pass and Pagmur these fast-moving Tibetan horsemen going like the wind and armed with either rifles or revolvers or both. There were a dozen or so in some bands. None had molested us. But the idea grew that perhaps some marauding band might.

529 This night at Pagmur I learned more startling news from my new Army friends. There were somewhere in this region two hundred armed bandits who had raided for years in Sinkiang and Tibet but who had moved south as the Communist influence became strong up north. These were the famous Kasak bandits who for years had made their living by raiding. They would kill if they were resisted. But their pattern of raiding was only to run off all livestock, to seize all guns and ammunition, to take all the food of a camp, and then on a selective basis take what other articles of clothing or equipment suited their fancy.

000 The rifles of these Indian soldiers looked more and more comforting and appealing to me as the story of the Kasak bandits was related at Pagmur.

"When do you return to Leh?" I asked the officer.

"In the morning."

"What will you do when you reach Leh?"

"Be assigned to garrison duty."

"Isn't it more fun to be on the trail, camping out every night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then stay with me. We'll all go to Leh together."

"But my orders read—"

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

CHAPTER 11

HORSES, MULES, YAKS, AND MOTI

484 492 The ideal way to travel Central Asia is by horseback, unencumbered by any pack train. That is the way the Tibetans and Ladakhis travel. They ride the small Tibetan horse that stands about ten hands high, has husky shoulders and small feet, and possesses great endurance. The natives travel for weeks on end in this way. They have no pack animals to slow them down. Their only baggage is what they carry in saddlebags 415 or in the roomy pockets of their heavy wool coats. One of them 484 will have a pot and another a small wooden churn for mixing 514 *gur gur cha.* Each will carry a bowl, usually one of wood inlaid with silver or gold. Indeed one who travels Ladakh or Tibet without a bowl usually gets no food when he visits another's camp. The guest is supposed to hand the host his bowl if he wants the hospitality of the camp. These fast Tibetan or Ladakhi travelers carry salt, tea, butter, and flour in small woolen bags. They make fire with flint rather than with matches, and the fuel is usually the low *dama* bush that burns even when green.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

Camp is made at night wherever there are water and grass. The men lie out in rock cairns. Their heavy woolen clothes are their night clothes too. They sleep on the ground, and are gone in the morning when the sky first turns to gray. They streak across high basins on a fast canter, climb the steepest pass with hardly a pause, and walk downhill, leading the saddle ponies.

I had seen my first Tibetans at Patseo—men, women, and boys in charge of salt caravans. As I related earlier, I saw my first armed and fast-riding Tibetans at Serchu. I kept seeing them day after day, going like the wind on their tiny ponies, taking short cuts across uncharted mountains, or eating their *sattu* and drinking their *gur gur cha* at their camps on sparsely green meadows. They would always be gone by daylight, moving fast and mysteriously, covering more ground in a day than we would often cover in three with our pack train. They had none of the conveniences of travel—no air mattresses, no tents, no canned food, no medical kit. But they could go with the wind, be swallowed up in deep canyons, streak like lightning along a high ridge, climb to the steepest pass, pick their way down rocky defiles, and shortly be cantering across a basin remote and isolated from all trails.

That is the way postmen in Ladakh have traveled from time immemorial. The head of each village furnishes a carrier to carry the mail from his village to the next one. And so it goes on horseback, twenty to thirty-five miles a day and, in emergencies, even farther.

That is the way I want to travel Central Asia. Being bogged down with a pack train has its disadvantages.

I briefly experienced that kind of travel when Tashi took us out of Koksar. I rode most of the way from Gundala to Kyelang, keeping ahead of the pack train, racing along the narrow trail that threads along the Chandra. My pony and I traveled fast, and I felt for once the joy of a good horse under me and Central Asia and its vast reaches out in front.

Most of the way to Leh, Rahul and I traveled with the mule

291 Queen of Ladakh (who is titular only now that Ladakh is a part
301 of Kashmir) is reported to have the most valuable *perakh* in this part of the world. But the one worn by the old lady at Chakchu seemed fancy enough. Its jade and turquoise were not polished, but they were well proportioned. Some were as large as fifty-cent pieces, some the size of quarters; others were circular and still others were cut into odd and irregular shapes.

291 The old lady also wore huge side flaps made of black wool, which looked like gargantuan ear muffs and stood out like sails. From a distance they made the woman look like a wolf. The *perakh* and the side flaps are typical Ladakh headdress. I never traced the origin of the *perakh*. But legend has it that the side flaps go back to articles designed for an ancient queen of Ladakh who had the earache. The flaps not only cured the earache; they proved to be so decorative that they became part of the conventional headdress.

164 I no sooner reached the camp of these Ladakhis than the old lady lay on her side and started to moan. I inquired if she were ill. She was; so I sent Man Das up to our camp to fetch my medical kit.

While he was gone I made my diagnosis. The old lady had perhaps a degree or two of fever and a splitting headache caused, I believe, by her supreme exertion at high altitudes under a burn-
• 484 ing sun. This old woman, her daughter, her son-in-law, and her neighbor lived near Leh. Last June, as soon as the passes were open, they started on foot to Manali, a trek of about 240 miles.

"Why did you go?" I asked.

"To do some shopping and to visit friends."

"Did you reach Manali?"

"Yes, and now we are returning home."

"How long will it take you?"

"Perhaps a month."

"What did you buy?"

"Talcum powder and hair oil."

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

I reached over and picked up the old lady's pack. It weighed at least forty pounds. I tried to lift the young lady's pack with my right hand, but I couldn't without an extreme exertion, for it weighed at least eighty pounds.

The old lady had climbed from 6,400 feet to 15,800 feet to reach Chakchu. She still had to climb to nearly 18,000 feet with her forty-pound pack. What women, I thought! What stamina and endurance! A shopping trip almost 500 miles on foot. A shopping trip that meant hiking over the Himalayas with a pack. I particularly marveled at the old lady, for I knew that she could probably outwalk me.

I gave her one Empirin tablet and a hot cup of *gur gur cha* and stretched her gently on the ground, using the edge of her pack for a pillow. I left two Empirin tablets with the daughter, one to be taken when the sun dropped below the ridge, the other to be taken if the old lady woke in the night. She was soon sound asleep.

I turned to the daughter and the men and offered them small packets of sugar. They took them and then handed them back, the young woman saying, "Salt would be better." They did, however, accept crackers, cookies, and cigarettes. The young woman was the first to light up. She sat by the small fire smiling as she inhaled deeply and blew the smoke from her nose.

"Do you smoke often?"

"Whenever I can get a cigarette."

"When did you have your last one?"

"Oh, several weeks ago at Manali."

They had *gur gur cha* and *sattu* for supper. Shortly they let their fire go out and bedded down for the night. They lay huddled together on the ground in their clothes, a piece of sheepskin under them, their arms for pillows.

My food was more nourishing, more appetizing than that of these Ladakhis. My down sleeping bag, laid on an U. S. Air Force air mattress, was warmer and much more comfortable than theirs.

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

we let them rest a few minutes, while we sit by the *lhato* and enjoy the sea of mountain tops all around. The path descends into the open valley of Bot Kharbu, a long smiling stretch of cultivation with several small villages and a few ruined forts and castles on the hilltops. These were the scenes of fighting in the seventeenth century. Occasionally we note a rough bridge across the main stream, made just of the trunk of a tree or of two such logs side by side, of which one is a little lower, so that, if nervous, one could choose it and hold on to the higher. One noticeable cluster of houses, called Stagtse, is picturesquely grouped round a pointed rock on the other side of the stream. Near the rest-house, we see, on the further side also, that little collection of houses which gives the best example on all the road of how the native dwelling is fashioned like and merges into the surrounding rock.

Overhanging that part of the village in which the dak bungalow is to be found is a high rock with ruins of a castle or fort, conspicuous above which, and noticed from afar, is the figure of a man meditating over the valley, and brooding over the past history of its wars. When we arrive under it, we see it is only a sandstone figure, carved by the storms of centuries just as those seen on the day before.

The next day we leave the valley and enter a slowly narrowing long defile, leading to the foot of the highest pass we have to cross, and some six miles out of Kharbu we pass Henasku in a ravine on the left, already quoted as an example and, perhaps a better one than yesterday's, of a series of transitional rock dwellings, and looking so lonely and so weird on its high cliff. Pausing at the foot of the Pass, where there is water though no shade, for a meal, we then climb up to 13,500 feet, but just before the summit is reached, we come upon a nice group of Ladakis camping in that glorious scenery. We turn round to admire the way they have " parked out " their loads of bulging sacks into a wind shelter, against which they rest their own appropriate figures. Behind them is a magni-

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

ficent stretch of mountains, its breadth and expanse exceeding those of yesterday's pass ; the glory of light and shade are indescribable, and this little group of humanity in the foreground just completes the picture. To their right by a tiny trickle of water behind a little rock, a delightful pair have detached themselves from the party to engage in " Chos Choches " (doing religion). One has a wee tray on a collapsible stand and a spoon, all of which can be shut up within a kind of teapot, its cover forming a second platter when reversed, and here he is busy with his libations and mumbling away at his prayers, though apparently only a layman, while the younger man assists him. Completing the ascent an equally wonderful view bursts on the sight, but there is no sign of cultivation on these bare brown or snowwhite peaks, and one really feels as though even at the " back of beyond " in every direction, there never would be human habitation again. But there just below us a yak tosses up his head, and gallops off, while our eyes light upon another picturesque camp arranged within a wall of sacks. One of our Tibetan friends, preferring a sun to a water-bath, has slipped his arms out of his wide sleeves and sits there bare to his waist, though we ourselves find the breeze quite chilly at these heights. Down, down, down again, and the big peaks vanish while the little hills rise. Round many corners we come to a bare wild ravine with a dark frowning hill behind, fit framing for a solitary *chorten*, throwing into relief its whitewashed base and red-ringed superstructure. Now we know a village must be near, and up a little zigzag path we go, and around another big *chorten*, then catch our breath at the picture that lies before us, a village we have already described as a suitable capital for " Hobgoblinland." Nor does this impression diminish, rather, each time one rounds that corner it strikes the imagination more forcibly, and seems as though it can only be some dreamland phantasm. Even as you come down upon the prosaic little rest-house on its platform below the hill, the

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

neighbourhood of Leh can be seen. But there is a sudden descent from this plateau into the pretty and quaint little village of Basgo, which, with its peculiar rocks and ruins, *chorten* gates and *mani* walls, appeals to some people more than Lamayuru. In spring it is certainly a gem in the bare hills, for on the verge of the plain one suddenly comes upon it as a mass of apricot blossom. Above the Basgo-Nyemo valley neither the apricot nor the apple ripen properly, and the Leh supplies come mostly from there or from Saspola. The main road, which we must occasionally remind ourselves is the high road to Central Asia, leading through the village, passes many tumbledown *chortens* and *mani* walls, and, in one little recess on the left, one sees a fine example of a prayer-wheel made of a kerosene tin. On the outskirts, a row of prayer-wheels may be noted on a roof, waiting to be turned by the wind.

Over a sandy four-mile plain with a long *mani* wall extending half-way, we reach Nyemo, which looked only about twenty minutes ride from Bazgo, and are glad to enter the shade of its large *bagh*, and new bungalow. Here we remember camping once and taking our meal in the open by our tents, when a group of traders and their servants from the serai came to watch this interesting performance. Wearying of their unabashed stare, the Doctor Sahib at length rose, and addressed them in their own language. Pointing solemnly to the members indicated, he said, "I too am a man, I have eyes, ears, nose and mouth." A grin slowly spread over their faces as they caught the rebuke, and they stole away to bother us no more.

Now we have one more *rong* to ascend, then we soon come out on to a long terraced plain with a glorious view of our own Leh valley, the Indus spreading out into several silver streaks as it winds in and out of its broad acres. Grateful after the narrow gorges and long defiles is this open expanse, ringed by range after range of peaks pointing up to some 20,000 feet above sea level, whose snow can never melt. "My very own

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

250 Introduction to the Hemis Mystery Play

As we descended straight down to the bridge, crossing the river to make the return journey to Leh on the other side, we passed a large *chorten* surrounded by small trees, on which was painted a hideous three-eyed monster, the patron saint of Hemis, and then caught up with one more fascinating little group of pilgrims. This trio were returning up the Indus valley to the wilds, two women and a man in the dress of nomads. On their backs were strange casks like old beer barrels with the outlet well pegged. Looking in over the top we found they were lidless and contained all their cooking pots, while the remainder of their travelling requisites, probably all their worldly goods, were packed on the back of the donkey, whose [illegible]otted at her side.

14: Asboe M-3 (no date) 1947 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

prising that in the rarefied atmosphere of such high altitudes as in Ladakh, where there is little precipitation and the land extremely dry and sandy, the power of the sun is very great. This in turn produces the winds which blow almost constantly from the south and south-westerly directions. The winds on the highlands of Rupshu, for instance, are continuous throughout the year, and they blow with great force when there is not even a vestige of cloud. These winds are dry and extremely cold, since they blow over the glaciers and snow accumulations, so that it may be truly said that Ladakh is in the belt of "windswept Central Asia." When travelling in these regions you cannot fail to observe that when the day is cloudy the strength of the wind is not so great; sometimes, indeed, there is no wind at all, whilst it rises to a gale immediately the skies clear. This is one reason why the traveller in these elevated regions prefers to cross the high passes ranging from 13,000 to 18,000 feet when the sky is overcast. You can never be certain of weather conditions on a pass, but when bad weather is encountered it is easier to tolerate a mist or even heavy snowfall than a powerful wind, which not only impedes progress but chills you to the bone. Long exposure to such a wind, be the sun ever so bright and warm, can reduce your morale and physical energy to a point bordering on collapse.

The peasants of Ladakh are sturdy and cheerful people, inured to long exposure to the sun and wind. Their physical endurance when on their trading expeditions or when carrying heavy loads over a pass in the teeth of a howling wind or blinding blizzard is phenomenal. They contrive to raise crops as good as can be expected considering the unpromising nature of the soil coupled with the difficulties of cultivating them at extremely high altitudes.

The herd instinct, so notably developed in the Tibetans, precludes any effort on the part of the individual to increase his annual output of crops. If a peasant wishes to open up a piece of waste land or contemplates cutting a watercourse to irrigate it, he is obliged to obtain the permission of the community. His well-intentioned plans are usually frustrated by the prejudice and conservatism of the villagers. They at once obstruct him by saying that any such enterprise would interfere with the area required for the pasturage of the communal flocks. The immediate result is that any idea of agricultural progress is strangled at its birth by the tyrannical communal conscience, which is contented to remain *in statu quo* as regards agricultural pursuits.

The practice of interchange of farming implements, such as has been customary from time immemorial, and the borrowing of oxen to till the land, tend to deprive a man of his inalienable right to independence. This is mainly due to the fact that the average Tibetan is too poor to purchase his own farm implements and too indigent to support the number of cattle necessary for the proper development of his farm. The measure of a farmer's wealth is calculated by the number of his horses, sheep, goats, and oxen, as well as the size of his granary. Very little money is passed from hand to hand, labour being paid for in man-power or in grain. Many peasants who have land but not sufficient manure to enrich it sub-let part or the whole of it on the understanding that the tenant

24:Peter E-5 (1938)1963 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4

Lahul

There were a few instances of frigidity and impotence, Tashi Dawa said. He treated these with aphrodisiacs and they gave him no more trouble after that. The medicine used in such cases was the juice of the Japutsitsi plant, popularly called Gege of Wangla, (I was not able to identify this plant botanically and therefore cannot give its Latin name).

I met Thakur Mangal Chand, alias Tashi Dawa again, upon other occasions, and was treated to long discourses on Tibetan medicine. The data, which I noted at the time appears to be irrelevant to the question of polyandry, however, apart from the interesting cases mentioned above, so I shall abstain from giving a fuller account of it here. It is nevertheless perhaps worth mentioning that I heard from the *amchi* that abortion was practised on unmarried women and even on married ones in certain circumstances (when it was too apparent that conception was not due to relations with a husband). To bring about the required results, he made use of a mixture of horse-blood, red soot called *tsot*(?), musk and bee's wax.

On another occasion, I was interested to hear from a *gelong* (*dGe-sLong*), or high ordained lamaist priest, called Dön-drup, whom I met on the 27th of June, 1938, in the village of Billing near Kyelang, of the way in which sex plays a role in reincarnation. When a soul is searching for a womb in which to be conceived for rebirth, should the woman eventually chosen love her husband, it is sure that the new earthly form taken will be female. If, on the contrary, the woman does not love her husband, a boy will be born.

This statement was strangely reminiscent of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* by W. Y. Evans-Wentz (Third Edition, 1957), in which it is said that if the deceased, who is to be reborn, is about become a male, an intense feeling of aversion for the father and of attraction for the mother comes upon him, or vice-versa as regards birth as a female.

B. POLYANDRY IN RUPCHU *(RUP-CH'HU)* AND LADAK *(LA-DWAGS)*

1. RUPCHU

On the way between Lahul and the Rupchu plateau, I encountered many people on the road, mainly in the evening when we reached camping places. These people varied between Tibetan nomads moving south with goods to sell, Lahulis visiting Kulu or returning from there, and Tibetan pilgrims on their way to and from the holy Buddhist places in The Indian plains.

24:Peter E-5 (1938)1963 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Ladak

The sexes divide agricultural work among themselves in such a way that the ploughing, transport and marketing of goods is done by the men, while the women milk the cows and *dzos*, feed them, sow and weed the fields. Trading further afield is the responsibility of the men, and, as everywhere in areas of Tibetan culture, they do not hesitate to undertake great journeys of many thousands of miles lasting months and in some cases years. Apricots are a great speciality of Ladak, exported in dry form far and wide, and enjoying a great reputation as being of the best variety.

Borax is produced in Rupchu, and salt comes from evaporation of the brackish waters of the lakes. There is a certain amount of gold too, to be found in the rivers, and in some parts it is even mined, as it is further afield in the Ngari Korsum province of Tibet.

6. *Leh*

Leh (spelt *sLa* in Tibetan) is a large village situated at an altitude of 11,503 feet, in the Indus valley, some distance from the river, on the right bank, high up in a side valley, where the water from glacier formations above enters the ground to run subterraneously down to the main stream. Below it, close to the river bank, is Spituk (*sPitug*) with its ancient monastery on a stone hillock, dominating the plain.

The population of Leh is certainly much greater now than it was then. In 1938, it was only 2,377, and it was divided up into the same religious denominations as we have seen earlier for the whole of Ladak. There were 1,287 Buddhists (with the same reservations concerning low castes as before), 991 Mohammedans, 43 Sikhs Hindus and 56 Christians.

The Buddhists, it can be seen, constituted the vast majority. They were all those Ladakis of Tibetan affinity, whose mongoloid features made them immediately and easily recognizable. Among them, there were reported to be 650 men to 637 women.

The Moslems included Kashmiris from the valley, Turki, Uigur and Yarkandi traders from Sinkiang in Central Asia, Argons or those whose fathers had taken local Ladaki women as wives, and a few Baltis from the neighbouring sub-division. There were 447 men to 544 women in this religious community. Among the Hindus and Sikhs there were 30 men to 13 women. The community was only a temporary one made up of officials and employees of the Kashmir State. The Christians were all converts of the Moravian Mission, 31 men to 25 women. Leh is the principal station of this Mission in Western Tibet, with another station in Kalatse, lower down the Indus.

2: Biscoe M-3 (1890-ca. 1920) 1922 AV4 Kashmir
W. Tibetans AJ4

A Trip to Ladakh

788 passers-by to pat them and make them revolve. In some villages they have huge prayer wheels worked by water, which pray automatically night and day, year in and year out for all the village. Lastly, you meet both men and women walking on the road carrying these wheels of metal, which they keep on the spin by the twist of the wrist, for a lead ball is attached to this cylinder by a metal chain, which adds considerable momentum. Some of these hand prayer wheels are beautifully ornamented with silverwork.

291 The people one meets are most picturesquely dressed.
293 The men and the women wear a long woollen garment
● 484 generally of red, but often of green or some other colour. The men have a leather girdle into which they stick a regular ironmonger's shop of goods, such as one or two knives, a brass opium pipe, a tinder-box, a metal purse, a long metal pen-box with metal inkpot attached, a whip of three thongs, the handle of which is always highly decorated with metal and paint, a cup for their tea and their porridge, and a bag of flour for their food on their journeys. The food is always most simple. They fill their cup with cold water, and then pour the flour into it and stir it with their first finger, and when it becomes a sort of watery paste they drink it. A most unappetising food it is, and gives them indiges-
778 tion continually. Most of them also add an ikon to their belt collection. It is an image of Buddha of silver or gold in a casket of some metal, and a pocket Communion set of copper or silver with much ornamentation.

782 The Tibetan Buddhists have a religious service in
177 which they use bread and cider. It is said that this religious service came from China through the Nestorian Christians, for there is a tradition that St Thomas introduced Christianity into China.